Traveling School of Seven Abroad

Arthur W. O'Neil

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TRAVELING SCHOOL OF SEVEN ABROAD

Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon

Traveling School of Seven Abroad

STUDY, WORK AND PLEASURE IN FOREIGN LANDS. THE RE-WRITTEN DIARY OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT AND SIGHTSEER

BY

ARTHUR W. O'NEIL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
MADE AND SECURED ABROAD
BY THE AUTHOR

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To My Father,
whose sincere interest
in my life and my future made
possible the enjoyment
of the things herein described,
this book is
dedicated.

HOW IT HAPPENED

N offering this book to the public, I would say that it is the first I have ever written. It is in narrative form the record of the travels of a class of boys through Europe, visiting a large number of places not usually included in the itinerary of American tourists. That was a trip I wish every boy could take; to us it was full of new and novel interest from start to finish. I hope that every reader of my book will find something of interest, and perhaps profit, in it, and if this hope is realized I shall be satisfied with the effort.

ARTHUR W. O'NEIL

Wallace, Idaho.

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Chapter One

THE OCEAN VOYAGE

S THE heart of Christopher Columbus throbbed and fluttered in the expectancy of a long cherished hope's fulfilment when he sailed from Genoa; as the heart of Alexander thrilled when he buckled on his armor to go forth and conquer a new world now and then, and come home lamenting in the fear that he had overlooked a few—so rose the hopes and expectations of a band of more youthful but no less ambitious and determined explorers that sailed from Boston Harbor, Saturday, October 10, 1908, on the White Star Line steamer *Cymric*, to spend eight months in travel and study under a tutor in the old world countries and cities.

The party was led by Professor Trotter, and included seven boys ranging in age from seventeen to twenty years. Each was filled with a desire for learning and resolutions to have a good time, and loaded down with good wishes and many last instructions as to conduct, care of health, how often to write, etc., from the "folks at home." Those who made up the party were Professor and Mrs. Trotter, both ever thoughtful and watchful of the interests and welfare of their charges; Hewston Knight, pretending an inability to comprehend certain subjects, but who, nevertheless, always came out at the top of the class; Benjamin Dare, amusing and always finding something to be amused at; Albion Westman, the party athlete and enthusiastic seeker after antiquities; Tom Stanley—the scribe, we dubbed him, for he was invariably writing letters when a brief respite from sightseeing or study permitted; Fred Matthews, whose fondness for his "beauty sleep" in the mornings got him into frequent trouble, but who was the widest awake of the

Entrance Gate, Warwick

bunch as soon as it was borne in upon him that there was to be no more snoozing; Arthur Brooks, who spent much time in scientifically spacing out his home letters to cover the maximum of white paper with the minimum amount of writing; Mr. George Phillips, assistant instructor, whose interest in his Baedeker was marked; and myself, to whom the others in the party—barring Professor Trotter and his wife—assigned the pseudonym of "Kink." I never knew why, but they said it was in recognition of my ability to remember details connected with royal households and personages of Europe.

As the *Cymric* sailed at eleven, we were all on hand at ten, and were assigned to our several staterooms by courteous stewards. The day was ideal, and this gave an added pleasure to all of us, sailing so far from home and friends for the first time.

Albion and myself, having a stateroom together, and no friends at the wharf to say or wave adieu, spent the

remaining hour in preliminary examination of the splendid boat that was to carry us across the big, wet way. She was a thirteen thousand-ton vessel, and seemed large, indeed, to us. We have seen far larger since, but we were tenderfeet then, in the ways of the traveler.

At last the warning gong sounded, the big whistle blew a terrific blast, different toned bells rang in all parts of the ship, and slowly, very slowly, at first, we began to pull away from the Charlestown dock. I shall never see a sight, except when I am ready to start on my next trans-oceanic voyage, more impressive in its way than was revealed to our delighted gaze on that clear, cool October morning. Yet amid the thousands of waving handkerchiefs and hats one could see here and there a sad face amid the throng that lined the wharf, and these often found their reflections among those on board the *Cymric*.

After the tug left us, and we were on

our way under full steam, we all went down to the dining saloon and were assigned our lessons for Monday; for it should be remembered that this trip was not taken solely in the interests of pleasure or sightseeing, but was designed to supplement the studies each of the party was making; and during all the time we were gone from home our lessons formed the important feature in the daily routine. We spent little time here on this day, however, as some of the party were already beginning to feel perceptibly the effects of the heaving motion of the ship. For those of us who were able to enjoy it, the interesting game of shuffleboard helped to pass the afternoon hours most enjoyably, while the passengers were getting acquainted with each other and with their new surroundings.

Our trip was pleasant all the way across. We met many nice people, and in consequence of this and the novelty of traveling by ocean boat we enjoyed every moment of the time, even when

we were asleep; for one sleeps without difficulty on the salt water. The days passed quickly, with our daily studies and our varied amusements, the former taking most of our time.

When the *Cymric* arrived at Queenstown, we took deep interest in the disembarkation of many of the passengers whose destination was the Emerald Isle. Some were happy in meeting friends and relatives, since they had been separated for many long years.

After passing Queenstown we still had a day and a night before we were to disembark. In the hurry of preparations, packing scattered belongings, excitement and impatience reigned throughout the vessel. The morning the *Cymric* swung into her slip at Liverpool the inevitable fog prevailed, but it was not sufficient to dampen our spirits in any degree. The trial of passing through the customs house was soon over, and to our hotel, the Bear's Paw, we went on the first step of our journey through the old world.

Chapter Two

ENGLAND

Liverpool — Chester — Warwick — Kenilworth — Stratford — Eton — London — Winchester

E were ready in a short time to do some of our first sightseeing, and started out for a two-hour walk around the city. After going through the public gardens, in which there are a number of heroic statues of famous men, we passed St. George's Hall, a kind of city building with large music auditorium where on Saturday afternoons pipe-organ recitals of a high order are given, to which a small admission is charged. To us it seemed the gallery contained but few notable works of art. Among those that appealed to our ideals most strongly

were "Ruth and Naomi," "Dante's Dream" and the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice."

The meal set before us upon our return to the Bear's Paw, tired and hungry, was a decidedly skimpy *table d'hote* lunch. They asked us if we would "'ave our soup thick or thin." We took it thick. When dessert was reached, each "'elping" consisted of three teaspoonfuls—never more.

After an interesting trip to the famous docks, the party took a ferryboat across the river Mersey to Birkenhead, and from here the train to Chester. It was our first sight of a European train—not unlike a toy train such as one sees at Coney Island or the Chutes in San Francisco—and we should be pardoned if it was the cause of a lot of fun among the boys. It was amusing to us to see the "braky" climb onto the top of the car, and from this perilous position light the gas. At one point the train started, and he was compelled to jump to the ground, leaving the coach in

Guy's Cliff House

darkness until the next stop was reached.

Our first day in Chester proved full of interest. We walked around among the many points of note within a radius of five miles, first on the Pace or Roman wall, very ancient in parts, in others comparatively new. It forms a complete circle about the town.

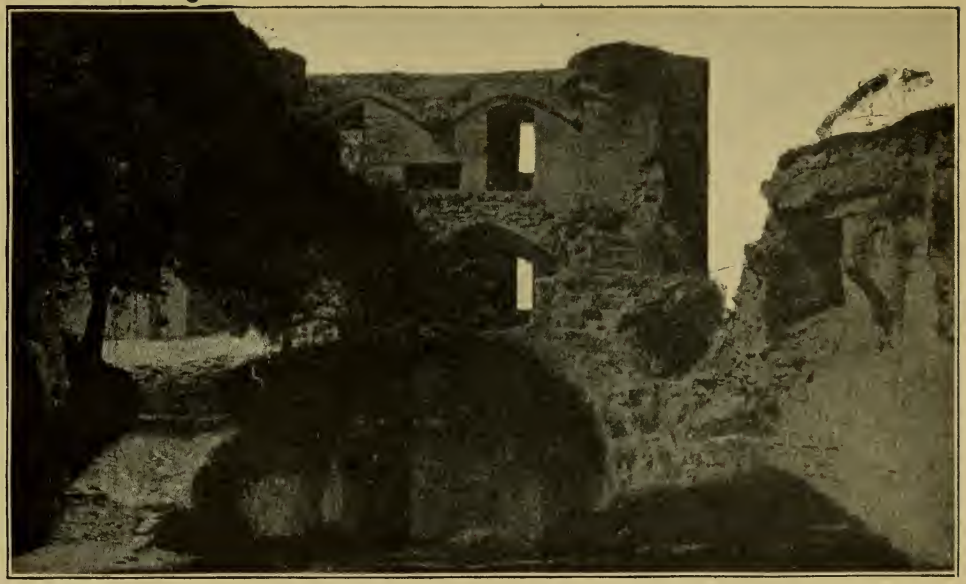
King Charles Tower is a spot in which many hours can be spent without fatigue. In this respect it is different from all the others surrounding it. From this tower King Charles viewed the annihilation of his troops by the forces of Oliver Cromwell, September 27, 1675, and fled a fugitive without army, country or friends.

Darby Palace, a very old stone building, small in size, unimposing in appearance, attracted our attention. It was owned by the Earl of Darby who kept the water tower at the time of King Charles' defeat, an honorable position, we are told. The earl was imprisoned in his castle for sixteen weeks, fed by a servant who later took advantage of his mas-

ter's trust and betrayed him. We saw the little cell-like room, about six feet square, in which he was forced to stay. He was executed in chains, at the order of Cromwell, on account of his loyalty to the unfortunate King Charles.

After seeing the features of greatest interest at Chester—the cathedral, the old cloisters, old indeed, if one may judge by their appearance, and the God's Providence House, but now converted into a curio shop, said to have been providentially saved from a plague that devastated the town—we boarded our private car, cozy and comfortable conveyance that it was. This remained at our disposal until we reached London, and was set out upon request wherever the party desired to stop.

Fascinating in the extreme was the journey from Chester to Warwick, through the pretty, well-kept English farmlands and estates, where every house impresses the beholder as built to fit into a charming picture. Our hotel in Warwick was a typical English inn, of the type



Ruins of Kenilworth Castle

that Dickens so graphically describes. The beds are all old-fashioned four-posters, and here we had the pleasure, or at least the novelty of retiring by candlelight.

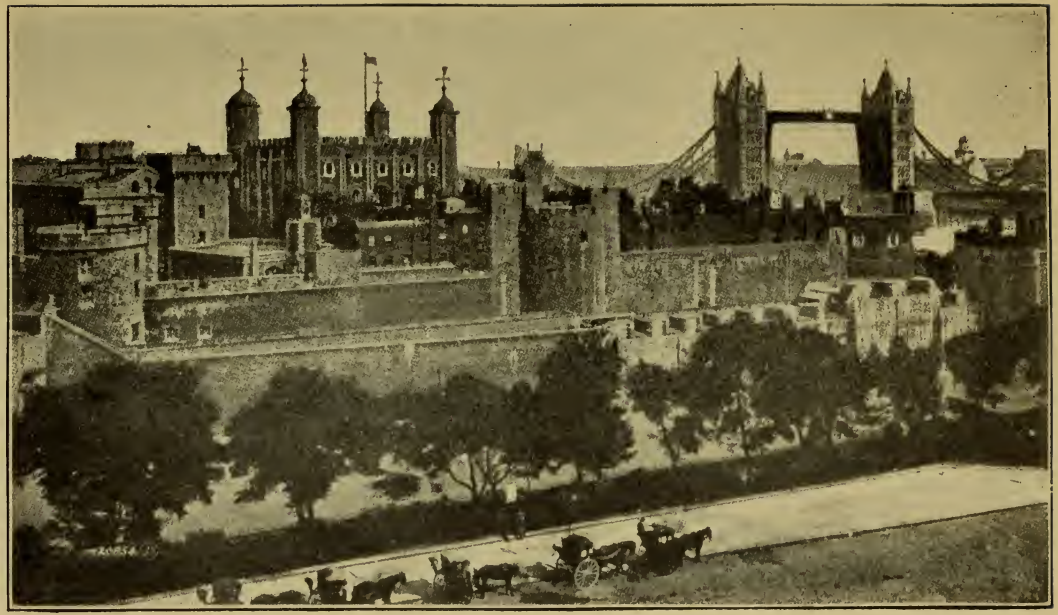
Warwick is almost too small to be called a town. It is scarcely more than a village with a single tram car traversing its center. The people go to bed when the chickens do, and at half-past nine everything is as quiet as a country churchyard.

Warwick Castle is one of the picturesque spots of England, entered by a long, well-kept driveway shaded by immense elms whose age no one knows, and running vines that give to it the appearance of a fairy bower or leafy arbor. The entrance proper to the castle is guarded by two towers of immense size, called Guy's and Caesar's towers. These illustrate strikingly the skill in engineering and architecture possessed by the Normans of the period in which they were built. The castle's most interesting apartment was the cedar room, finished,

if tradition be true, from the wood of the great fallen cedars that once grew on the estate. From the fact that this room had been but recently renovated and put in condition for the occupancy of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, we obtained a good idea of its appearance when "in residence."

Passing through the Rubens and Van Dyck rooms we were escorted by a most courteous major-domo, whose interest in our pleasure was doubtless heightened by the expectancy of a tip. The scenic splendor of the surrounding grounds was enhanced by the presence of a large number of gorgeous peacocks sunning themselves and spreading their beautiful fans in pride. The conservatory contained among other interesting things a large vase from Hadrian's villa, just outside of Rome. This castle proved so attractive to us that we were loath to leave it.

In the second day of our stay in Warwick a stage took us out in the afternoon to see the wonderful ruins of Kenil-



Tower of London and Tower Bridge

worth. The road led through typical English country estates, with here and there the thatched-roof cottages of the peasants. Among the most picturesque country-seats was the Guy's Cliff House, still well preserved and occupied by Lord Somebody-or-other.

After an inspection of the ruins of Kenilworth, portions of which are still near enough intact to prove to the veriest stranger that it once proudly existed as a castle, we gave closer attention to the better preserved portions, including the banquet hall, kitchen and Amy Robsart's room. Using portions of the old ruins as backgrounds we posed for each other, and secured many pictures which even without the likeness of the members of our party will be treasured as mementos of the visit. These grand old ruins are made more attractive to the eye of the visitor by the great clinging masses of English ivy. The vines are long and heavy and, it is said, are nurtured by roots four feet or more in diameter. We did not overlook the freak vine that

is called to the attention of every tourist, the one that appears to be growing and flourishing in its top, and yet having no root, its lower portion swinging in apparent lifelessness against the stone wall. Neither were we permitted to forget the venders of postcards, whose wares were pressed upon us on every hand. The ruins of ancient strength and splendor were instructive and entertaining in many ways. From here our path led to Stratford, the home of the immortal Bard of Avon.

With delightful anticipation, almost impatience, we started out on our tour of Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare's home is remodeled in many parts, but some portions of the original are still standing, as may be clearly seen. It is these original portions that interest the visitor most, of course. All the rooms in the building are now used for the housing and display of Shakespearian relics, his will, framed and hanging on the wall, a painted picture of the poet from which the majority of the modern pictures of

Buckingham Palace

him have been copied, and the first printed copy of his writings of which we have authentic knowledge. The rooms and their treasures are guarded by attendants. Upstairs the windows of the birth-room bear what are said to be autograph signatures of Carlyle and Scott, written when they visited the place. Visitors of lesser note have covered the walls, even to every available space on the ceilings, with their autographs. We unslung our cameras and had them focused on various points of greatest interest, preparatory to getting a few snapshots, when the attention of a guard was attracted. He said, as nearly as I can recall his remarks: "'Ere now; none o' that, yer know; hit's ag'inst the law, hand hif you tike a pitcher it'll cost you twenty pun." We decided to forego the pleasure.

From this interesting spot we went to the church where Shakespeare's bones lie buried. The road to the entrance is flanked by a row of linden trees, a pretty and attractive way of conducting

the tourist to the place toward which countless thousands have journeyed with mingled feelings of respect and curiosity. The church is of stone, well-kept and in a perfect state of preservation. The stained glass windows are in themselves an attraction well worth the trouble of going a long way to see. One of the relics contained in the church, next in interest to the baptismal font used at his christening, is the official record, in which are found the facts of the birth of the poet and his death, both entries being made in the same book, with, of course, many intervening pages of similar notations concerning other persons. Standing grouped about the grave we read the inscription engraved upon the slab:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust inclosed here.
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

We walked through the old churchyard and endeavored to decipher the fading inscriptions on the tombstones, and then visited the Anne Hathaway

"Busy London"

cottage, half a mile distant from the church and probably the most frequently visited cottage in all the world. Last year the registered visitors numbered two thousand three hundred during the tourist season. Here the visitor finds everything bright and clean. Big brass kettles hang about the open fireplace, fairly shining with recent polishings. The seat upon which Shakespeare sat while he courted the gentle Anne is pointed out. The walk back through the fields from the village of Shottery, in which the Anne Hathaway cottage is located, was long and pleasant, so much so that we did not wonder that Shakespeare chose it as his road home after an evening spent with his sweetheart.

The glories of the past are mingled with the pride of present perfection at Eton, where we spent several busy hours. The school was the first place visited, owing to the fact that the royal apartments of Windsor were closed on the occasion of our visit. In the hall of one of the buildings (choir loft of the

chapel) we found carved the names of many men who in later years grew into fame and whose boyhood days were spent in pursuit of knowledge at Eton. Among the most famous that we came across were those of Gladstone and Wellington. The famous old painting of Sir Galahad by G. F. Watts is here in the chapel, surely deserving its honorable position.

While we gratified our curiosity, a young lord, heir, as we were informed, to one of the largest estates in England, evidently of the simon-pure aristocracy, was endeavoring to find among the thousands of names carved upon the wall that of a well-known ancestor. Every year more boards are added to receive the names of graduates. The school-rooms were strangely fascinating with their old-fashioned desks looking as if they would fall under the weight of a half-grown occupant, covered with carvings representing animals, weapons and many of the fancies of youth. A pillar pointed out in a large recitation room

Old Curiosity Shop

came, tradition tells, from one of the ships in the Spanish Armada. Its appearance certainly bears out the story of its antiquity.

Many of the students were coming out for their Sunday afternoon constitutional as we left the chapel, wearing the regulation costumes of Eton jacket, silk hats, short coats and long trousers for the smaller boys, the larger boys wearing the same cut of clothes with the exception of the coat, theirs being on the order of a cutaway, with very long tails. They appeared odd in the extreme to us.

The first day in London we journeyed by the tube to the famous Tower of London. The cars of this underground railway, cylindrical in shape, ran over a three-rail track, the live rail being in the center. Every train stops at each little station, and the stops are so frequent that more time seems to be spent in making them than in traveling. There are no through trains between terminals. The Tower has been so often and so

well described by travelers and in text-books that a description would probably not add to the interest of this book. Much of interest to the tourist, young or old, is nevertheless found, notably the exhibit of ancient armor, and the crown jewels of England and coronation robes of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Just outside the big Tower is the famous "Traitors' Gate" and the "Bloody Tower," where were kept imprisoned the ill-fated children of history until their cruel death by suffocation. We viewed with interest and awe the spot marked in the pavement where the execution block stood upon which queens Anne Boleyn and Katherine, Lady Jane Grey and others of more or less note were beheaded.

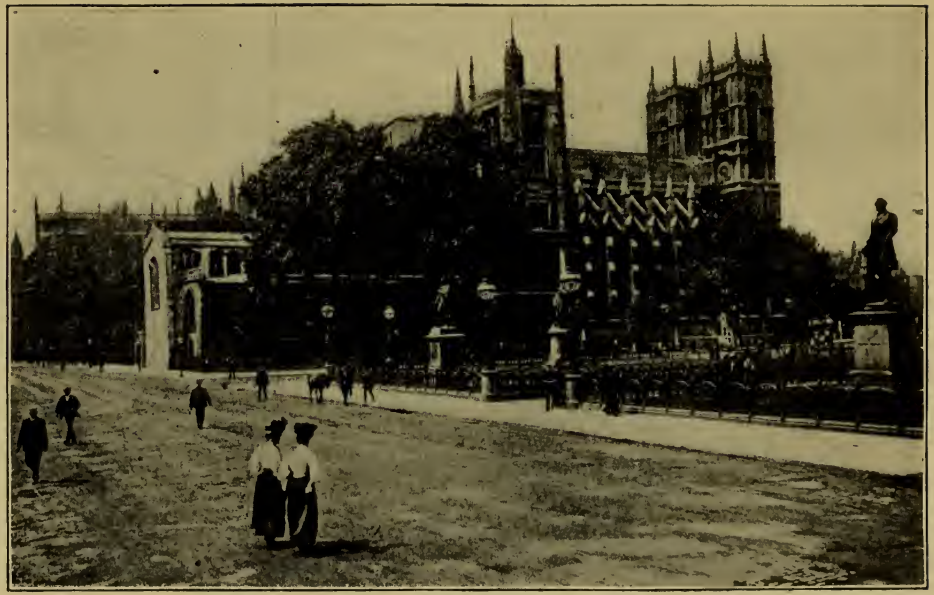
With the assistance of the "bobbies," as the police of London are universally known, we arrived in due time at Regent Street, the central point of a large number of interesting localities. The first visited was Soho Square, a place similar in appearance to Mott and Mulberry Streets in New York. Children

ran about in clothes that were so far from tidy or clean as to be repulsive. The grown-ups present a hardly more attractive appearance. We felt indeed that we were in the edge of the slums of London, and were not at all loath to leave the locality. As we departed, however, the attraction of a typical Punch and Judy show, which in England seems to be a standard and never-failing form of amusement for a certain class of people, both old and young, was sufficient to hold us for a while. It was rather tame to us, but it evidently made a great hit with the crowd of natives that jostled each other in an attempt to get a better view. The revenue to the "showman" was derived by passing a hat after the performance, and was not great.

As we turned again into Regent Street, we saw an immense crowd gathered, held in place by the bobbies, whose clubs were the emblems of an authority absolute and unquestioned, and whose control of assemblages, however large they might be, was remarkable. We had but a

short time to wait to learn the cause of the excitement. The king and queen of Sweden, then on a visit to the capital of England, were being driven through the streets to Buckingham Palace. We learned later that King Edward and Queen Alexandra happened to be at home, and were glad to receive and entertain their guests. The visiting royal couple spent a week at Windsor Castle. As may be presumed, we were greatly impressed with the glimpse thus afforded of the first really and truly king and queen any of us had ever seen.

That evening we saw Beerbohm Tree, with an excellent supporting company, in "Faust" at His Majesty's theater. Tree is the idol of the English theater-goers, and their appreciation of his wonderful talent found frequent and hearty expression in the Englishman's favorite way of applauding— "Hear, hear!" varying in tone from the deep bass "Hya, hya!" to the squeaky little feminine "Hee-a, hee-a!" It was noted that when the curtain was rung down at the close,



Westminster Abbey

there was the same wild rush for the exits that characterizes the theater attendants of our own land. This surprised us greatly, and seemed entirely out of keeping with the apparently dignified ways of the Britishers as we had seen them.

At the National Gallery we spent several hours examining art treasures. Here the Venetian school is well represented by the works of Veronese, who lived in the time when Venice was in the height of her power and glory, and when the fad of the wealthy families seemed to be having their pictures taken in groups costumed to represent some historical event. Veronese painted one of these groups in which the scene depicted was that of Alexander the Great pardoning the wife, daughters, sons and relatives of Darius. This canvas is about ten by twelve feet and the figures are life-size. Many schools are represented in this gallery, including the Umbrian, Italian and Flemish.

"Old Curiosity Shop" and Westmin-

ster Abbey proved to be two of the most entertaining places our party visited. The former was a little, low frame story-and-a-half building, occupied in the rear by a family, while the front was filled with dirty sacks of grain, piles of old papers and rubbish of every description, that impressed the student of Dickens as little short of sacrilege. This impression was heightened by the observance of a sign notifying all concerned that the famous old shop would soon be torn down to make room for a modern business building. A girl member of the family living in the rear room referred to did a thriving business in postcards, of which we purchased liberal quantities.

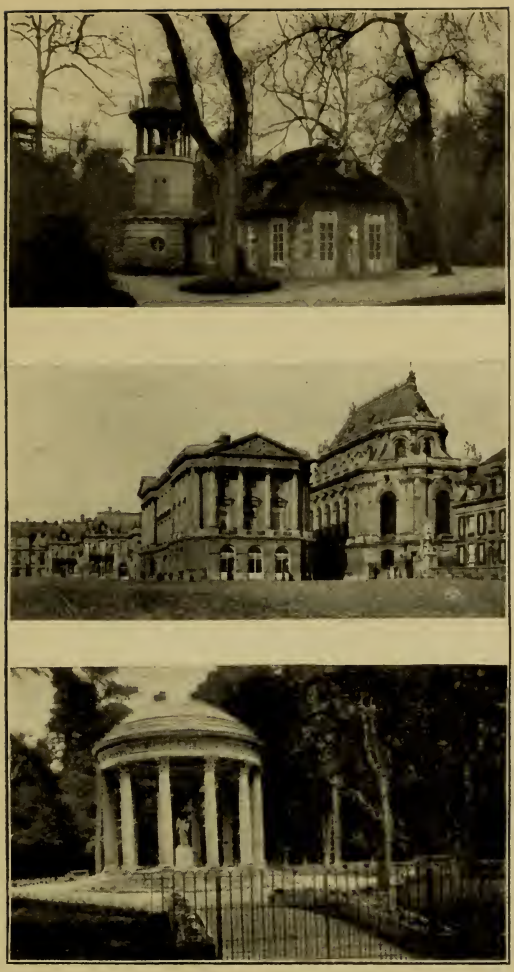
The most notable feature of Westminster is the rose window, circular in shape and many feet in diameter. The artistic effect of the colored glass designs cannot be described; the beautiful, almost unearthly effect of the sunlight streaming through the window produces an impression that is long borne in pleasant recollection. In the case of

Bank of England and Stock Exchange

our party, the enjoyment was materially increased by the soft tones of a great pipe-organ upon which a skilled musician was playing melodious chants. Before leaving we were shown the tombs of Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, points of interest probably never overlooked by the tourist. In the poets' corner the tombs of Tennyson, Browning and Dickens, with many others noted in literature and music, were pointed out. We did not overlook the fact that this corner contained in a prominent place a life-size bust of Longfellow, the only American thus honored.

We were fortunate in that our visit to London was made at the time when the Lord Mayor's show was in progress. This annual event holds much of interest, both to the citizens of the capital and to tourists. Spectators unused to the customs were at a disadvantage in seeing the parades by reason of the fact that all the rooms in the Strand, where the parades occur, are rented (at fancy figures, by the way) many weeks before the big

spectacular event takes place. The parades, while impressive, are to a stranger a remarkable mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous. They are made up largely of equestrians costumed to represent famous historical characters, and the different branches of the British military and naval departments. We were slightly astonished to see William Shakespeare come gallivanting by on a big bay charger that took all his strength and skill to handle; but we made allowance for the fact that in his lifetime the noble bard was not notably given to horseback riding. Julius Cæsar rode a little brown horse that evidently felt the dignity of his mount and tried to live up to it. Sir Launcelot was plainly handicapped by the weight and stiffness of his armor with which he was unfamiliar. In the matter of armor again, poor Joan of Arc was entitled to our sympathies. She looked as if she would be mighty glad when the parade was over. At the end of the procession came the Lord Mayor's carriage, drawn by six



Scene on Marie Antoinette's Farm
Palace of Versailles
In the Gardens of Versailles

beautiful white horses, gaily decked out in gilt and ribbons, each attended by a proud and pompous footman. When the parade had passed traffic was closed and the crowds of people, whose number it would be impossible to estimate, flocked into the streets. Here again the good nature and gentle firmness of the bobby was noticed, serving to handle the multitude without mishap or difficulty. Locomotion was slow, and Tom, Ben and myself drifted with the crowd for an hour before we found egress into a side street. These, too, were filled for blocks in each direction with carriages, taxicabs and autos.

We could not leave London, it was decided, without taking in the sights from the top of an old-fashioned 'bus, but this is truly an excellent way of seeing points of interest. The drive that we took was across the famous London Bridge, past the Mansion House, the Bank of England, the stock exchange, St. Paul's Cathedral, etc. The trip was at night, when the streets were crowded with pleasure seek-

ers, and so brilliantly lighted that the hours were completely lost track of. Unlike the largest of American cities, London never sleeps. There is not a moment in the twenty-four hours when absolute quiet reigns, or when the principal streets are not crowded and full of life and interest.

One might spend months, or years, perhaps, in seeing and studying London without having seen it all. The average time spent by the American tourist is far too short to give any definite idea of its greatness, or a familiarity with its priceless art and historical possessions. Our time was limited, and many desires long cherished were of necessity foregone. Of the places visited that were of great interest to all of us in the latter days of our stay there was Cheshire Cheese Inn, the favorite resort of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Here was pointed out to us the identical greasy spot on the wall where the doctor used to rest his head, and on a raised dais the chair on which he sat. We were served with

Casino at Nice

refreshments at the inn, ordering from unique menus, ancient in form and identical, as the attendants assured us, with those from which Johnson and his cronies ordered their refreshments almost three centuries ago. Later we were permitted to purchase the menus.

We left London at an early hour in the morning, not without positive regrets, and boarded our private "carriage," as the coach is called on English railways, to be whisked away to Winchester, a couple of hours' ride. Except for the fact that it is very poorly heated, the carriage affords a decidedly comfortable conveyance. The heat is supplied by an individual warmer, a small oblong iron can filled with hot water and slipped under the seat. It is needless to say the cans do not materially raise the temperature in the carriage, which on an average morning is too low for comfort, and necessitates the wearing of heavy wraps, while it is not unusual for the traveler to see his breath arising on the frosty air.

Upon reaching Winchester, we walked around the hall where stood the round table which, according to legend, had often been surrounded by King Arthur and his knights. We did not find its interest lessened by the doubts as to the authenticity of the story that has clung to it for ages.

The perpendicular architecture is the most striking feature of Winchester cathedral as one approaches it. The enthusiastic students of architecture find in this historic and very old structure many things of deepest interest. The gradual changes that have come with time, the evolution of the science, are perhaps no more plainly set forth in any one building in all Europe than in this cathedral, and while every school or variety from the early Norman to the perpendicular is noted, they have been so skillfully brought out that the harmony of both exterior and interior has been remarkably well preserved. The reredos, or altar-piece in the cathedral is one of the rarest the traveler will see anywhere,

and is a wonderful example of the stone carver's art, the representation of lace and other fine materials being marvelous.

Chapter Three

FRANCE

Rouen — Paris — Avignon — Arles — Marseilles — Nice

T WAS late at night when we left Winchester for Paris. We rode into Southampton about eleven o'clock, but sleep was more to be desired than any view of the old English town at such an hour, and our impressions of Southampton are therefore vague. The boat that carried us across the channel was small, and all its appointments in keeping, but we enjoyed the ride very much. It took from about midnight until seven o'clock the next morning to reach Havre.

Knockings, necessarily loud, on my stateroom door, awakened me, and I dressed hurriedly and came out on the

Feeding the Pigeons at St. Mark's

Ancient Bakery at Pompeii

American Yachts off Monte Carlo

deck of the small steamer *Columbia*. The scene that lies before the tourist at this point long remains in recollection. The long, low coast diverging from the point occupied by the docks, crowded at this time by countless craft of every description, presented a general air of thrift and enterprise; on shore every building bearing a sign in French reminded us that we were now on really "foreign" soil, for heretofore all that we had heard or read was in English. And here, I may state, our troubles began, for we were not, with one exception, noted for our linguistic abilities. Here, too, we began to experience trouble with the customs officials. When the *Columbia* had finally threaded her way into her slip and come to rest, and we had flocked across the gangplank, we immediately fell under the charge of the "facteur" or porter, who carried our bags to the custom house. On this occasion we got off very easily, however. The officials merely asked us if we had spirits or tobacco, and upon receiving our re-

plies, marked our baggage accordingly.

Rouen is a large city, marked by a fine cathedral and churches galore, all beautiful and evidently of great cost. Here also stands the tower of the castle in which Joan of Arc was kept a prisoner until her execution at the stake.

The first afternoon that we went out unaccompanied by Professor Trotter, we had an experience that seemed serious enough at the time, but over which we had many a hearty laugh afterward. It was our appetites that got us into trouble, and allowed us to be lured into a charming little French *petisserie*, a place where chocolate, tea and cakes are served. Several of the boys, while separated from the group which contained the only one in the party who spoke French—aside from our tutor—went into the *petisserie* and by means of the universal sign language made the woman in charge understand that we were hungry; that we wanted cakes, and even made it plain which particular kind of cakes we wanted. The cakes were served, and we

Street in San Rema

offered in payment the only kind of money any of us had, the English coins which we had unthinkingly failed to have changed into French money. This the woman flatly refused to take. We might as well have offered her our I O U's. We were in a quandary indeed, and just beginning to see all kinds of trouble looming up ahead, when Tom Stanley and the rest of the boys came in, and Tom, getting his French vocabulary into fairly good working order, soon straightened matters out, and having in the meantime procured some French coins, he paid for our cakes.

Not less interesting was the first meal we ate in Rouen. It included sliced calves' heads, shrimps and eels—the latter cooked on a hoop to which the backbone clung when the flesh had been removed. The dinner was served in nine courses.

A couple of days was all we spent in Rouen, and from here we went direct to Paris. Our first impressions of the French capital were not lasting for the reason that we arrived at night. We

knew we were in a busy, bustling, noisy city, brilliantly lighted, whose streets were ever filled with throngs of apparently happy and care-free people, but the forms of the buildings, the beauty of the streets and boulevards, the grandeur of many of the public buildings and wonderful gardens—all these could only be studied and appreciated under more favorable conditions.

The contents of our trunks received a general shaking up at the hands of the customs officials, while the trunks themselves were liberally supplied with marks and characters that were meaningless to us, and that wasted a lot of chalk. The cabs we entered rattled over the cobblestones at such a terrific, swaying pace that we feared the horses were running away. Later experiences taught us that this was the customary way of driving and that each driver, whether his vehicle was a tram, cab or 'bus, went as fast as he wanted to, which was generally pretty fast. There was evidently no ordinance designed to prevent fast

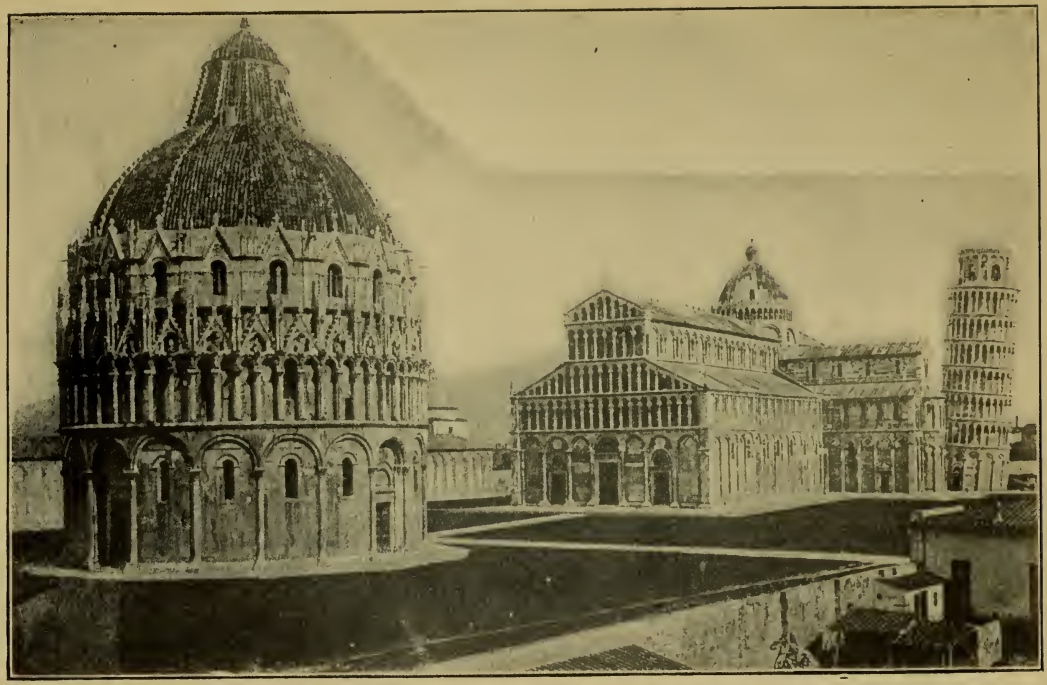
driving, a fact we regretted on many subsequent occasions, when more scenery and fewer bumps were desirable. The need of caution was instilled into our minds by the information cheerfully given us that if we got in the way of one of these Jehus and were run over we were liable to arrest and fine. We were cautious.

As soon as we learned, at the suggestion of Professor Trotter, to obtain the equivalent of American money in French (simply to multiply the number of francs by two, and in the case of centimes to divide the number by five) our trouble on this score ended and we were enabled to guard against the sharp shopkeepers. This important matter settled we started out to make our first inspection of the French capital, Professor Trotter leading and the boys loitering along behind. There is plenty to rubber at in Paris.

In the Avenue Champs Elyseés, which is familiar to every traveler who visits Paris, and which seemed like a great playground filled with hundreds of pret-

tily dressed children in the care of nurses, we spent some time. The youngsters were sputtering French with such animation that we wondered at their ability to make themselves understood even by their nurses. We drifted down the avenue to the left a few blocks, where a fine view of the palace of the president was obtainable through the open gates. The grounds are enclosed by a high iron fence, but glimpses disclosed large gardens filled with rare and beautiful flowers.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most beautiful squares in the world, it is said, and we did not feel inclined to dispute the statement. It seems strange, however, in this day of universal peace and freedom, after reading the scenes that the horrible stories in French history depict, that this pretty spot could have been the scene of the guillotine's awful work. Here the Paris mobs gathered to witness the execution of Queen Marie Antoinette, King Louis XVI and many other notables. We found it difficult to think that the playing fountains



Leaning Tower of Pisa, Cathedral and Baptistry

and myriads of soft, white blossoms hid the spots of earth once wet with the blood of the proud nobility of France.

The Louvre, later to be the scene of our hardest study while in Paris, and for this reason, if for no other, indelibly impressed upon our minds, was a delight to us. It was chosen for this purpose because it afforded excellent opportunity for seeing the wondrous works of art with which we were as far as possible to familiarize ourselves. Many days could be spent here without seeing all that it contained. Beautifully located and elaborately designed, it is a fitting repository for its many treasures, among the most notable of which are the famous Venus de Milo and the equally famous "Winged Victory." One may wander for days in the rooms and corridors and not see half of the sculpture and painting, historic relics and souvenirs.

At the Grand Opera House we witnessed "Samson and Delilah" and had our introduction to the French system of theater seating. Joining in the mad

rush for the front seats in a loge, we were successful on account of our superior strength and number. If you are going to sit in a loge in a Paris opera house, be early in line; otherwise you must stand up to see the performance, even though you have several seats at your disposal, for only in the front seats can one get a view of the stage while in a sitting position. The Grand Opera House is the building from which the United States congressional library in Washington is copied, and the resemblance is striking.

The Metropolitan subway in Paris is arranged with two, and in some places three, levels of tracks, one above the other. In changing it is often necessary to climb stairs and not infrequently to do this several times before one's destination is reached, a fact which leads to an endless amount of confusion.

Riding in the subway, or as the Parisians call it, the Metro, I recall an experience my grandfather had in getting through it on the occasion of his first

St. Peter's, Rome

visit. Grandfather is not a Frenchman, nor does he speak the language of France. Arriving from Versailles at the station Saint Lazare he immediately entered the Metro, holding tight the little piece of paper upon which he had copied the name of the station that marked his destination, de l'Alma. By some chance he overlooked the exits from the Metro and remained in the cars until led out at the end of each run by the guards, whom he could not make understand that he wanted to go to de l'Alma. Then he would enter another car and repeat the experience. Hours, it seemed to him, this lasted, until a kindly disposed Englishman, seeing his difficulty, acted as pilot until the proper train was reached, and then landed him safely at the door of the Elyseés Palace Hotel. His gratitude knew no bounds, as may be imagined. I presume if the Englishman had not happened along, poor grandfather would have continued to ride 'round and 'round as long as a piece of his ticket was left, and I have often wondered what would

have become of him then. This was certainly one of the longest rides for the least money he ever expects to take.

An excellent idea of the splendor of the old French court is obtained by a visit to the palace of Versailles, to which our party devoted one whole day, and which impelled some of us to make several subsequent visits. An electric car line, embodying the third-rail principle, with remarkably few accidents of a serious nature, however, carries one from Paris to a pretty suburb, a twenty minutes' ride. The first impression is that a great deal of room must have been occupied by each of the dwellers in the imposing pile of masonry, for it suggests the idea of a little city in itself. This is explained in part by a closer examination into the arrangement of the palace, in the immense ballroom, reception rooms and others. The private apartments of the former kings were very large. The one occupied by Marie Antoinette is pointed out, and also the secret stairway and door through

The Roman Forum

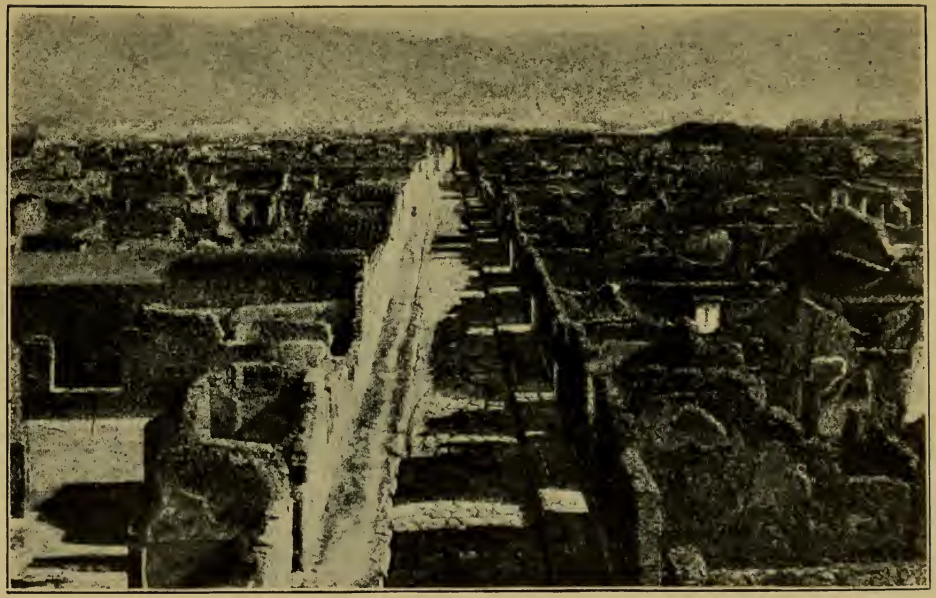
which she fled to seek the protection of the king when the mob from Paris stormed the palace, killed the Swiss guard and took the royal pair to the city in a carriage — their first step on the road to the fate that was in store for them.

Although absolute freedom is given to all parts of the buildings and grounds, with the exception of Marie Antoinette's room, a guide accompanied the party, a fact which was greatly appreciated. We left the palace by the grand stairway, stopping to look at nicks and cracks in the marble balustrade, the still visible marks of the mob's vengeance. Then a visit to the royal farm where Marie Antoinette indulged her inclinations for the simple life and where, it is said, her happiest days were spent, and we set out on our return trip to Paris, arriving at our station with some difficulty, owing to our inability to locate the names of the stations, or know just where we were.

The monotony of existence in Paris— if monotony in that gayest of earth's cities can ever exist—was relieved by

a small blizzard, which soon revealed the evident fact that the Parisians do not know how to handle snow as the street cleaning departments of American cities do. It was amusing to see them hurrying around with little two-wheeled carts containing salt, small quantities of which were placed on the snow to melt it. Naturally, some time is required, but eventually the streets are thus cleared.

Among the last but most interesting places we visited were the tomb of Napoleon, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and Malmaison, the home of Josephine. The latter was of particular interest, and here we spent some time. The palace, or rather chateau, has been restored and filled with relics of the unfortunate Josephine and her emperor-husband. One of the rooms contains Napoleon's library, a very extensive one. Josephine's death-chamber, a round room with a high, dome-shaped ceiling, is pointed out by the guide, and also the laurel hedge where Napoleon stood and bade good-bye forever to the weeping Josephine.



Pompeii

The first stop after leaving Paris was made at Avignon, a small town where stands the palace in which the popes were held prisoners when banished from Rome. The town is still surrounded by high stone walls, built for the protection of the inhabitants in mediæval times. These have, of course, been repaired, and are excellently preserved. Walking in a valley below the castle, we obtained a view such as it is given few people to enjoy—the splendors of a sunset whose last rays of mellow gold fell across the old stone walls and buildings, bringing their outlines into clear relief against the azure sky. We stood in rapture and watched the scene until the setting of the sun dispelled its beauties.

A peculiar experience was ours in crossing the Rhone into Avignon. We sat in a boat but little more than a skiff, which was connected by short guides with an overhead rope that reached across the river diagonally. As soon as we cast off, the little craft slid gracefully, and with more speed than oars would impart,

across the river, propelled by the invisible but strong current.

On the way from Avignon to Arles a number of fine old castles were pointed out, among them being Castle Beaucaire, around which Booth Tarkington wove his thrilling romance, "Monsieur Beaucaire." The main things for the tourist to see at Arles are the Roman theater and amphitheater, the latter of which is now used almost exclusively for bull fights. None of these interesting events were scheduled at the time of our visit, and we came away as we went — innocent of the sensations at witnessing this exciting "sport." The evening we spent at Arles was made memorable by the mistral, a cold, raw wind of high velocity that blows in that country twenty-one days out of the year. An unpleasant experience awaited us at the station when we went to take the train for Nice. We learned that the engine which had been assigned to the work of hauling our train had been derailed, and for hours we huddled under the rain protector,

Cathedral of Cologne

a shed built on the plan of an umbrella top, but having no sides. It did protect us from the rain, but the mistral had full sweep at us. There was but one seat in the place, and to conserve, so far as possible, the warmth of our bodies, we piled up on top of each other like football players. This was satisfactory, in a measure at least — to all except the bottom man. We took turns in holding this undesirable position, however, and managed to maintain circulation in our veins until the delayed engine arrived. Sleepiness followed our getting comfortably fixed in the nice, warm cars.

At Marseilles, which was passed in the night, one of the best fellows of our party was lost. Tom, whose parents surprised him by appearing at this point with an automobile, left us and did not return for a fortnight. We missed both the genial Tom and his French; which the more I will not say.

Shortly after passing Marseilles we came in sight of the Mediterranean Sea, and could not but be impressed by the

picture presented by the little seaside towns whose twinkling lights were reflected on the calm surface of the water, apparently far out from shore. Nice, which was reached shortly after midnight, was quiet in slumber. We noticed that it seemed very warm, but this may have been in part by way of contrast with the temperature at Arles, influenced by the long-to-be-remembered mistral.

We considered ourselves fortunate in being at Nice at the height of the season, for this gave us ample opportunity of seeing the crowds of people which thronged the thoroughfares. Toward evening, we went to the Casino to watch the playing, where money flows in streams and currents from hand to hand, but most frequently into the hands of the croupier. It is deeply interesting to watch the faces of the players, ranging from mere youth to decrepit old age and cosmopolitan in the extreme. There were Turks, French, Germans, English and Americans. While the playing was at its height an orchestra

The Falls of Terni

discoursed soft, seductive music that suggested the voice of the siren calling the wavering ones to trust to fickle fortune their small holdings. We quickly noted that the spirits of the players were highest when the orchestra played. They joked and bantered. Smiles met smiling eyes and repartee flowed like sparkling wine. But when the music stopped there was an awed stillness broken only by a low buzz of conversation, and the silver tinkle of the coins as they passed from one player to another. The Casino is not unlike Monte Carlo, except in the amount of the stakes, these ordinarily being much smaller. Tragedies following losses are fewer; in fact, they are seldom known at the Casino.

Chapter Four

MONACO

Smallest Principality in the World

UR party walked from Nice to Monte Carlo, a distance of nine miles. We enjoyed the journey more than if we had taken any of the several kinds of conveyances provided for the transportation of tourists. The wide macadamized road wound around among hills and through pretty valleys, at times leading us out over the cliffs from which we had an excellent view of the Mediterranean. Our hearts were thrilled by the sight of three of Uncle Sam's battleships, steaming majestically into the harbor and toward Villafranca. They were a detachment of the Atlantic fleet then on a tour of the world, and remained at Villafranca but

Tomb of Dante, in Raveinia

a short time—long enough, however, for the jackies to come on shore and take in the sights, one of which was the great attraction of Monte Carlo. We saw many bands of the domesticated goats that form a substitute for dairy cattle at Monaco, and marveled at the skill and daring with which they leaped across chasms and from the rocky pinnacles of the mountains, when alarmed at our approach.

It was early in the evening when we visited the gambling palace. Honestly, though, we went wholly innocent of any intention to break the bank; curiosity alone attracted us. I shall never forget Monte Carlo. I cannot describe it—indeed, it is doubtful if the real Monte Carlo has been or can be described. The building and grounds are always crowded, for with the exception of a short time in the afternoon gambling is in progress day and night during the season. At the door we were halted by the major-domo, who asked many questions—how old, what nationality,

etc.,—and those who were in his opinion still to be classed as boys were forbidden to enter. Arthur Brooks, wanting to see all that was to be seen and with wonderful foresight, anticipating trouble with the guards, had let his beard grow a day or two over the customary time for shaving, and was therefore easily able to pass the examination. He with some of the others went inside, while the remainder of the party contented themselves with a stroll in the soft, warm moonlight. The restrictions placed upon visitors at Monte Carlo are much more rigid than at the Casino, at Nice, and to the spectator who has visited both places the scenes soon lose their fascination. We left early in the evening without regret and were carried to our next stopping place, San Remo, in Stanley's comfortable automobile.

Chapter Five

ITALY

San Remo — Genoa — Pisa — Rome — the Vatican —Naples —Terni — Spoleto — Ravenna — Venice

THE interesting little old town of San Remo, the first place in Italy at which we stopped, differed vastly from Nice and Monte Carlo. It has a quaintness that is distinctive and refreshing. It is, as Ben Dare observed, the most upright town we ran across in our travels. Situated on the side of a steep hill, access to its heights is gained without difficulty, and with a minimum of labor through many flights of stairs that form the narrow, crooked little streets. The day we did San Remo seemed to be wash day, and the streets were clouded overhead with

laundry strung from one side to the other. The women, as we discovered, did their washing in the dirty, stagnant water of the little ditch running down the hill, and a more repulsive-looking set of laundry maids would be difficult to find. To gain time we left the street and took a short cut across what proved to be the property of a number of the women engaged at the time in putting out their washings. Our intrusion was resented in tirades of Italian accompanied by threatening gestures that were plainer to us than the remarks. We remained indifferent until an ancient dame grabbed a scythe that happened to be lying on the ground and made such a hostile demonstration that we left the scene with more speed than that with which we had approached.

My advice to those who contemplate journeying from San Remo to Genoa by rail is—don't, for the more pleasant way is by carriage. By rail it is most disappointing. The road is a succession of tunnels, short and uninteresting in them-

St. Mark's Square, Venice

selves, that intrude their presence in a most provoking way just when the passenger is becoming interested in a bit of scenery.

At Genoa the glories of the past are more than those that the present offers as attractions for the tourist. Here opposite our hotel is a marble statue of Christopher Columbus. We found much of interest in the famous old Campo Santo, or cemetery, where, in the colonnades, are reared marble statues bearing the most delicate carvings, representations of lace and silk being often remarkable.

A thing very much alive was the band of serenaders that assembled under our windows at the hotel in the early evening and, strengthened by frequent draughts of wine, made the night hideous with songs that were notable for their strength of tone rather than the softness of which I had read in poetry. It was near midnight when their departure permitted us to sleep.

One of the things that used to fill me with wonder and awe, as I gazed upon

its pictures in my very young days, was the leaning tower of Pisa. I had always desired to see it, and find out what made it lean. I can recall the fears I often entertained that they would straighten it up before I had a chance to see it, but in this I was happily disappointed. It was leaning when I saw it, and will doubtless continue to do so for some time. Our party ascended to its top by means of a winding stair inside the tower, stopping on each of the five landings. At the top are seven large bells, presumably as old as the tower. For our benefit, the old bell tender rang them all, putting forth all his energy in swinging them far enough to bring forth their mighty tones. He was a little man, and our fears were aroused more than once when it seemed he would follow the bell too far out over the side of the tower.

We were fortunate in timing our visit to Rome, for the annual carnival that from time immemorial has preceded Lent was in full sway. There seemed to be no

distinction between natives and foreigners, rich and poor, high or low, so far as freedom of action was concerned. Present-day visitors are informed that the carnivals are tame in comparison with those held in the bygone days; this caused our only regrets, for if the carnival we saw was tame it would be difficult to imagine the old-time affair. From the advantageous position of a seat in a high carriage we threw confetti and snapdragons, but found the greatest interest in watching the thousands and thousands of people of every possible description, and some that were impossible to describe. Certainly a wide field of observation opens on an occasion of this kind to the student of human nature. There is a solid week of this carnival. When the day ended we found comfort in needed refreshments in the Cafe la Tour, one of the most famed of Rome's thousands of *petisseries*.

St. Peter's Cathedral disappointed us greatly at first sight. We had expected a larger building. But its beauty and

grandeur grew upon us, and we became attached and attracted to it more firmly with each visit. The interior is sublimely beautiful, although the features are comparatively few. The statue Pieta by Michael Angelo, the wonderful mosaic reproduction of Raphael's painting, "The Ascension," and the many little chapels opening from the main auditorium, all are of interest. Proceeding to the great canopy that covers St. Peter's grave, we approached the statue of the saint and kissed its great toe, as millions of others have done—so many that the bronze toe, originally life size, has been worn partially away. A reason for the popularity of St. Peter's with sightseers is that its interior is always comfortable, the temperature remaining absolutely the same winter and summer.

A half day in the Forum, we decided, was well spent. The ruins of the ancient public buildings are scarcely less interesting than the relics that are being found in the excavations the government is now carrying on. These go into national

museums, and consist for the most part of statuary, that is believed to have come from the old tombs of the Romans. Climbing down through a succession of excavations, we were permitted to gaze upon a slab of black stone covering the grave of Romulus—the stone being uncovered since the excavations undertaken in 1898 began—which by the Latin inscription it bore proved that Romulus was not a myth; that he lived, as legend records, and that he was the founder of Rome. It is said that this stone covering was provided for his grave when roads were built through the city, and because it was the expressed wish of the inhabitants that his grave be not disturbed.

How we came to visit the Vatican, and secured an audience with his holiness Pope Pius X, is a story in itself. It came as a pleasant surprise to all the boys in the party, for not even Professor Trotter knew when we set sail from Boston that it would be one of the features of the tour. To Fred Matthews belongs the credit for the achievement—

we consider it in no other light—for he was the bearer of letters and credentials to a cardinal of great influence, and upon calling upon this dignitary of the church was promised an audience with the pope and cheerfully granted permission to invite his companions to accompany him. It is needless to say that we welcomed the opportunity, and that we appreciated it very much. This will suffice to explain how a party of American boys, only one of whom was a Catholic, enjoyed a privilege that is extended to comparatively few travelers who visit the Eternal City.

A more favorable time could not have been selected had that been left to us. The day we were to go to the Vatican was one set for the reception of a pilgrimage that included many persons who had come from all parts of the world for the occasion. The hour assigned for our visit was twelve, noon, and upon arriving at St. Peter's, which adjoins the Vatican grounds, we found the crowd already large. When our credentials had been

Refreshment Parlors, Munich

carefully scanned we were taken in charge by guards uniformed in red and black. From the time we first entered the closely-guarded gates until we left the papal mansion, each individual in the party was the recipient of marked attention and kindness. The comfort, and I might say the pleasure, of each visitor seems to be diligently sought by the guards.

Conforming to the customs of the papal court, each married lady visitor was clothed in black; unmarried ladies and girls wore dresses of white. All gentlemen were in full evening dress. Being advised in advance of this we boys appeared properly clothed. The kind reception with which we met, and the peaceful, quiet surroundings, eliminated every sense of nervousness we might have felt. First conducted into a large reception room, carpeted with a wonderful plush rug, all the hangings and the few decorations, simple but elegant, being in red, our attention was directed to the papal throne at one end of the room. Here it may be well to explain that the

present pope seldom uses this chair, since he prefers to come down into the audience to give his blessings. Pope Leo, we were told, insisted that pilgrims approach the throne to receive the blessing. After sitting in this room for about twenty minutes, a guard came and, addressing Professor Trotter in Italian, bade us come into another room. Thus our party was separated from the body of the crowd, and passing many small rooms, bare except for the plush carpets and tapestry-covered walls, with here and there an altar, we were conducted into a small compartment in which our audience with Pope Pius was held. In a few moments we received a signal from the guard to kneel, and our eyes following those of the guard we were thrilled at the approach of a kind-faced, benevolent-looking man, clothed in spotless white except for his shoes, which were scarlet. He passed down the row of kneeling boys, giving each his right hand that we might kiss his ring. When the last was passed, he walked to the center of the room, and

Grand Canal, Venice

raising his hand said, "You and your families, with the articles that you bring with you, are blessed," this being the usual form employed. At a signal from the guard we arose, and remained standing while the pope waited upon the pilgrimage in the larger room. We knelt again as he returned, and until he had passed through the room with his hand raised in silent benediction. It was noted by each of us that his kindly features were wreathed in the most pleasant of smiles, as if he entered into the feeling of joy that the ceremony, brief but deeply impressive, had brought to each of us.

After the audience we donned our wraps and were escorted from the Vatican. The memory of our visit long lingered in our minds; and oft, in recalling the adventures and the strenuous experiences of that long and varied trip through the old world, there arises the vision of that dear old man, whose face and actions, as much or perhaps more than his words, spoke of serene peace.

On a later occasion a trip was made to the Vatican gardens, where many hours were spent in admiration of their fountains, walks and grottoes, with flowers indescribable in their profusion and rare beauty and fragrance. The kindness of an American student, then pursuing his studies in Rome, was a great aid to us in gaining an inspection of the grounds. Here the lover of the beautiful will find a veritable treasure house which will require many days thoroughly to explore. An object of great interest to us was the cage of lions presented to Pope Leo by King Menelik of Abyssinia. They had outgrown their quarters, and at the time of our visit a larger place of confinement was being constructed for them.

Our party visited St. Paul's, an old church under which a few years ago a street of ancient Rome was found, the discovery leading to excavations that disclosed houses and streets of the ancients, with their furnishings. The latter have been removed, and now occupy places

The Rialto in Venice

in various museums of the world. The paving of the streets is still in good repair, and on many of the walls in the houses faint frescoes are to be seen. There are several heating systems for the residences of what were evidently the better classes; their bathrooms show a taste for elegance like that of the more modern people.

On a number of occasions we joined the afternoon crowds that went to the Pincin Hill, one of the famous seven hills of Rome, to revel in the delight of an hour of music by some celebrated Italian band. These daily concerts attract great numbers of the Roman swells, who are remarkably fond of music. Frescoti and Tivoli, which we crossed the Appian Way to see, are pretty mountain resorts, well worth one's while to visit. On the way out to them we saw the old, old aqueducts, still in fine repair, and in constant use for bringing to the city the pure, clear water from the distant Alban Mountains. A visit to the Coliseum by moonlight was the last pleasure of

Rome for our party, and the next morning we left by train for Naples.

The city of Naples is a surprise to most travelers, and it was for us—anything but a pleasant surprise after reading Shakespeare's "Tempest" and literature of a similar tendency for weeks in order that we might be tuned up to an appreciation of the old southern Italian seaport town. It was quickly apparent that the natives hadn't cleaned up the place in anticipation of our visit. In fact, it didn't appear to have been thoroughly cleaned up in a good many hundred years. The appearance of the citizens was in keeping with that of the streets and many of the buildings. The main streets are paved with cobblestones, and as we rode over these at a furious pace, conversation was for a time suspended. The city suggested more activity, more enterprise, than Rome. When a Neapolitan starts on a trip, he concentrates every energy on getting there at the earliest possible moment. We were kept busy dodging cabs driven by the most reckless

Gardone

set of men ever employed for a like service. These Jehus work hand in hand, or at least it seemed so to us, with the ambitious *facchino* or porter, who grabs one's bag the moment one alights from the train and starts for—somewhere, anywhere. Taken by surprise, the tourist is fortunate if he recovers and pursues with speed sufficient to overtake the *facchino*. And if he doesn't catch him, he never sees his property again. I would not go so far as to say that the *facchino* would appropriate the bag thus secured, but mention the trait as showing his effervescent industry. I don't know what he would do if he got out of one's sight before he could be overtaken, but we made sure after our first experience that we had a good hold on all that we carried with us before going among them.

Time being limited we visited only Vesuvius and Pompeii. An electric train, modern and very like the American electric trains, carries the tourist to Pompeii. At the destination, the passengers find themselves at a lonely little

station and begin their wanderings among the ruins. We declined the services of the guides, as Professor Trotter was familiar with the scenes before us. Pompeii is in reality a strangely constructed city—entirely without inhabitants. All the things that were once of use or ornament have been placed in some of the houses from whence it is supposed they originally came. The custom of removing these and placing them in museums has long been discontinued. This affords a clear idea of the way in which the ancients lived. One of the most notable buildings is the house of the Vettii, with its pretty court filled with flowers and ferns. The reception room bears some interesting frescoes, still in an excellent state of preservation. In the kitchen we found the "stove" in which the servants of the family used to prepare the meals, a square stone box affair, filled with the ashes and cinders that were in it when the disaster came.

The best preserved structures in Pompeii are the Stabian baths. These were

for the use of both sexes, having most elaborate apartments for each. The walls are double thickness, with an open space or air chamber between to facilitate heating. Under each bath is a double stone floor, with a considerable space intervening, enough to contain the open-draft fire by which the water was brought to the proper temperature. The Italian government is in charge of the present work of excavating. Nothing that is unearthed in the course of the work is for sale. Every visitor has ample opportunity, however, to stock up on postcards. In fact, this might be properly termed the leading mercantile pursuit of the place at this time.

From the time we finished our examination of the Pompeian ruins, and turned our faces toward Vesuvius, Professor Trotter was busily engaged in dickering with the guides, since the finicular or cog-road was out of repair. This is almost indispensable in a trip to the crater, if one considers the comfort or convenience of ascending in this manner.

The guides have not only an exalted opinion of the value of their services, but also a firmly fixed belief that all foreigners, and particularly those that look like students, are "easy." They did not find our experienced and capable tutor in this class, and after haggling and gesticulating —both in Italian—until they saw that further effort was useless, came down to a reasonable figure and we engaged two of them, who in turn hired five or six attendants. The first part of the journey up the mountain for a mile or more was made in carriages and gave a fine view of the valley below and the Mediterranean Sea in the distance. From the end of the carriage road we went on ponies that waded up to their knees in ashes. The last furlong was necessarily traveled on foot, being too steep for even our sure-footed ponies to climb. We suffered great discomfort from the ashes which were being whipped and carried about by the force of the gale. Such a wind, the guides declared, seldom blew. But we were bound for the top,

Lago di Garda-Riva

and even when the guides fell on their faces we pushed on until the top was reached. The view of the interior from the rim of the crater was unlike anything we had ever imagined. It was hole—simply hole, big, black, empty and deep. We looked down into that yawning space as far as we could, and saw no bottom.

"Let us return, or at least get back where the danger is not so great," said Professor Trotter.

"Just a moment, Professor," pleaded Hewston Knight; "I think I see the stars and stripes waving there; is that the United States?"

We jumped and slid down the mountain side to where we had left the ponies. The ascent took nearly a half hour, but we came down over the same road in less than five minutes. Returning to our hotel we hastily disposed of the meal awaiting us and went to avail ourselves of the last opportunity offered in Naples to procure curios—and post-cards—for the folks at home. On this

occasion the curios comprised for the most part coral necklaces and tortoise-shell combs. The next place we went to visit was Terni, and in order to reach it we were compelled to double back to Rome, from whence the railroad runs.

Arriving in Rome our party was increased by one, an addition which was heartily commended by us all. Miss Lucretia Singer, a friend of Mrs. Trotter, who had just completed a course of study in Rome, joined us for a short time. Having been debarred by travel from the privilege of paying attentions to any unmarried member of the fair sex for so long, we boys were delighted at the opportunity thus offered, and it is needless to say that Miss Singer did not lack for the most chivalrous attentions and plenty of them. Being an experienced globe-trotter herself, and a really and truly American girl, she was accepted at once on the plane of good fellowship, and her musical talents, as well as many other accomplishments,

Moonlight on Lago di Garda

made her presence in the party a pleasure to all.

In Terni, where few tourists go, there is but one feature of interest—the falls, which make three leaps, their total fall being two hundred and eighty-eight feet. Their beauty so impressed us that we ignored conditions until we found our clothing saturated with the spray. About the time we arrived at the spot from which the best view is obtained, a heavy rain began falling. Here the thrift of the peasants came into prominence again; from somewhere in the vicinity there arose a number of them, each carrying a large umbrella, and we were not long left in ignorance of their intentions. For a mere trifle—twenty centesimi, or four cents—we could hire them to stand and hold the umbrella over us while we rubbered and shivered. Then we found what we had not observed before, the spray came from below us, and with the rain from above the industrious and obliging peasants, however willing they might be, could do little to protect us. It was a wet and bedraggled

crowd that piled into the antique omnibus and huddled close together for warmth on the way back to the hotel.

Another delightful spot rarely included in the itinerary of the tourist, at which we spent a long-to-be-remembered night, was Spoleto, where our hotel was the remodeled chateau of some duke of days long gone. In Spoleto the electric lights are turned off early in the evening. At the moment that this was done we were grouped in the great reception room, singing all the good old American songs we could remember, led by Miss Singer's clear soprano voice, to which one of the boys played an accompaniment on an ancient piano of Italian make; we were left in the soft light of the candelabra, reinforced by the fire's cheerful glow from the big, old-fashioned fireplace, which gave an indescribable charm to our surroundings. But it sort o' induced a feeling of homesickness, and here I might say that this was not the first occasion on which this experience had been felt. So we unanimously agreed

Innsbruck

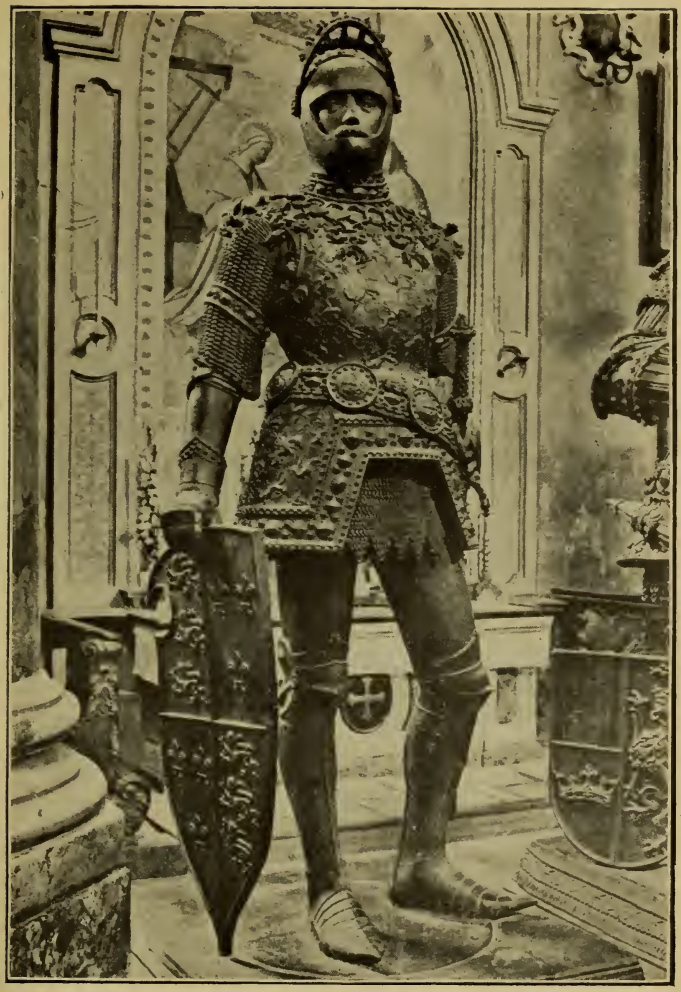
to retire, and, to see just how far our voices could carry without a break, we sang with all the sentiment there was in us, "There's No Place Like Home." Gee, how I did wish I was at home that night!

The next day we left Spoleto, not without some regret. It is a quaint old village, romantic in the extreme, and more interesting to all who go there than many places far more widely known. Our purchases were limited, but one of the principal ones deserves mention—a huge bamboo umbrella with a gaudy green top, aimed to accommodate four persons at one time. This became the prized possession of Hewston Knight, Miss Singer, and by later entry into the joint ownership, Mrs. Trotter. It proved in future times to be useful as well as ornamental, and its possessors became greatly envied. Somewhere it is now doubtless doing duty in a decorative way in some American "den."

A couple of days were delightfully and profitably spent at Ravenna, the

home of Lord Byron from 1819 to 1821. The hotel where we stayed was the remodeled home of the famous poet, but greatly to our disappointment and regret it contained not a single relic of its former owner. Ravenna also contains the mausoleum of Dante, and the records therein contained show that the latter years of his life were spent here, until he died on September 14, 1321. The mausoleum is of comparatively recent construction, having been restored in 1780. Portions of the ancient palace of Theodoric the Great remain standing in the heart of the town. It was from this palace that many columns and marbles were taken to enter into the construction of the palace of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The first two of our four days' stay in Venice were spent indoors on account of the disagreeable weather. We saw nothing, and did nothing in the way of sightseeing, but the latter half of the visit was delightful and afforded us an opportunity to see much of interest that we did not suspect Venice held. Naturally



Bronze Statue of King Arthur

the prominent idea associated with Venice is that of gondolas and gondoliers. These are a feature, of course, but there are many others. One is St. Mark's Square, where we followed the custom of all travelers and fed the pigeons that prey more gently but no less surely upon the tourist than do thousands of human grafters in every guise imaginable. It is, as its name indicates, merely a square. Not a tree or plant adorns it. Formed by the walls of St. Mark's Cathedral, the king's palace and other great and magnificent buildings, it is a bare space about two hundred feet each way. Thousands of pigeons claim it as their home, and indeed have no other. The protection and provisions for their needs for many years have made them absolutely without fear. At the sight of the corn with which we were supplied at a stand presided over by a queer little old man, and for a tiny cone of which we pay five centimes, the birds flocked from all directions, resting on our arms, shoulders and heads and eating with apparent

hunger from our hands, although each feathered beggar was doubtless already bordering on a condition of coma from over-indulgence.

St. Mark's Cathedral was being repaired at the time of our visit, and all of its famed beauty that we saw was the wonderful mosaic designs in the arched entrance. Religious subjects are treated in these, and so fascinatingly, even to the untrained or inartistic eye, that we did not mind standing and looking up at them until our necks were stiff and sore.

That portion of the famous Doges' Palace which was of greatest interest to us was occupied in the remote past by prisoners of both high and low degree, for whose accommodation hundreds of dungeons were maintained. These dungeons, while not originally intended for sightseers, are interesting nevertheless. It was not hard to imagine that in the time of their greatest use, more misery, more suffering, whether deserved or not, existed in these dark, damp rooms than

Sample of Rathenburg Architecture

could be housed in any modern institution many times its size. The cells are in the lower floor of the palace. Above, the great council chamber and countless large, airy rooms, though now empty and bare, speak of a grandeur and luxuriousness that is easy to be imagined. Among the art treasures the palace contains is an immense painting, the largest in the world, by Tintoretto.

On our way in a gondola from this palace to Murano, an island which might be properly called a suburb of Venice, we passed through a section of the city inhabited by the poorer classes, and gained an insight into their way of living that taught us much. We saw a woman giving her little baby its bath, the plan employed being as original as it was novel. As our gondola neared the building we saw the mother at a window tying a stout cord about the little one, whose voice was raised in vigorous but vain protest. When it was well secured she let the cord slide slowly through her hands, watching from the window until

the infant's body sank into the water. We called excitedly to our gondolier, thinking the woman intended to drown her offspring. He, however, showed his teeth in a knowing grin, said nothing but pushed the gondola closer that we might obtain a better view. Utterly oblivious to our curious stares, the mother soused the squealing youngster up and down until, evidently, she thought it was clean, when she drew it up to the window again. Soap and washrags seemed superfluities, and looking at the dark and ill-smelling water we could but wonder if her work was not in a large measure useless, after all.

We paid an extended visit to the world famous Venetian glass blowers. The product of these shops, in the main, is medium priced and not notably pretty or artistic. The industry, however, is an extensive one, and by a liberal dispensation of tips we gained access to a sufficient number of shops to get a good idea of the methods of manufacture. We discovered that the workmen had been

Heidelberg Castle

spoiled by having over-liberal tips bestowed upon them, and that they expect many times the value of a little article made while one is watching the process, and which they "present" with an obtrusive, overdone politeness. When disappointed in the amount given, they do not attempt to hide their vexation.

The last evening in Venice we gave over to gondola riding, listening to the sweet voices of the Italians in the soft, mellow moonlight. It was an experience never to be forgotten, the height of luxury and the pleasing of every sense, as we reclined on the cushions of our splendid gondola, floating slowly with many others to an open space in the midst of which rested an immense barge filled with dusky troubadours. Each had his favorite instrument, and we enjoyed the singing and playing just as much as if we had understood the words. The inclination to sing was infectious; as we pulled away we broke into song ourselves, singing "Swanee River," "Good Night, Ladies," and many others; and at last

we couldn't help it any longer—every one of us joined in the sweet old song of home.

Riding at anchor in the harbor on this evening was the *Hohenzollern*, Emperor William's private yacht, for he was shortly expected on a visit.

We were loath to leave Venice and its numerous attractions, but finally succeeded in tearing ourselves away and proceeded by rail and boat to Gardone. The next morning we boarded a charming little steamer and took a delightful sail over the blue Lago di Garda. On either side of our way were precipitous cliffs, each of which bore isolated monasteries. The scene opened before our delighted gaze not unlike the romantic and beautiful fiords in Norway. The mountains are clad in snow, we were told, about two-thirds of the year.

Great Wine Cask, Heidelberg Castle, with dancing pavilion on top

Chapter Six

AUSTRIA

Riva — Innsbruck — Brenner Pass

AFTER staying a night in the picturesque town of Riva we boarded a little narrow-gauge train that took us up, up, seemingly into the clouds. Upon looking back the view was enchanting—the valley far below filled with little hamlets, the emerald lake that we passed near by, where the beauties of the scenery were enhanced by the contrasts of colors around and above and below us. The narrow gauge stops at Mori, high in the mountains, and here we boarded the overland train for Innsbruck. The presence of the Austrian soldiers on all sides and at all times is impressive to a stranger; no less so was the costume of the soldiers, unless

one would dignify it by the name of uniform. The pretty blue coat, seemingly worn with stays and fastened at the waist with a large belt and showy buckle, is made full like a skirt, giving to the wearer the appearance of being clad in a heavy, short petticoat.

Life to the Austrians is apparently a thing to be enjoyed, and they make the most of it. The most that the Austrian Tyrol has to offer the tourist is scenery, but it is one of the grandest, sublimest and—to the majority of travelers—most enjoyable spots found on the continent. From Mori to Innsbruck we climbed along the sides of steep cliffs where the road had been blasted out of the solid rock, through Brenner Pass where Napoleon led his troops over the Alps, the highest point reached by a railroad in the Alps Mountains.

Innsbruck is a quaint, pretty old town surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. Through its center rushes the river Inn. In the Hofkirche stands the bronze statue of King Arthur, surrounded

by many other statues, grouped about the grave of Emperor Maximilian. Leading out of the town in all directions are paths that take one to the snow line. These are remarkable examples of the care and attention given roads and highways in Austria. Recently the sum of $40,000 has been spent in further improving them. Along them at frequent intervals, the tourist finds seats in spots that afford indescribable views, visions of a veritable fairyland. Occasionally the plaintive note of the cuckoo is heard, and here and there one may be refreshed by drinking from the pure, cool mountain streams.

Chapter Seven

GERMANY

Munich — Rothenburg — Heidelberg — The Rhine —Cologne

N Munich our party spent a week, and enjoyed every minute of the stay. We were at first a little taken aback at the sight of women cleaning the street, but soon became used to it. The feature of interest, from a student's point of view, at least, is the National Museum where some of the oldest relics and curios in the world are to be found. Among the most interesting to me was the splendid collection of ivories—carvings that were both beautiful and instructive, and various other things representing every age or step in the progress of man.

A novel entertainment at Munich,

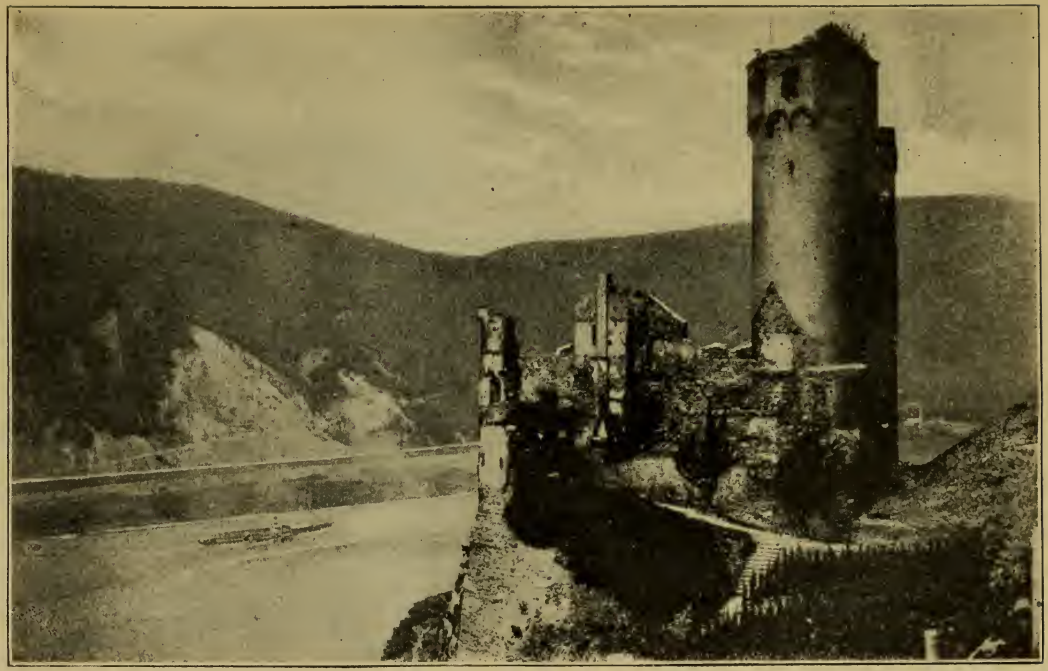
Court of Heidelberg Castle

which afforded us an opportunity to study the people of all classes, is the Hofbrau, a large three-story building in which the first or lower floor is reserved for the servants and poorer classes, who wait upon themselves; the second, a grade better—for the middle classes, while the top floor is designed as a place where the rich can spend an hour over their steins while enjoying rare music supplied by a large orchestra. All three sections of the Hofbrau are well patronized at all hours of the day and night. Munich has many lovely gardens and museums, which we visited. One thing noticeable in Munich is the extreme courtesy of the conductors on the street cars, upon receiving a tip.

Rothenburg is a three-hour ride by train from Munich. While it possesses few things of marked interest, the author is at a loss to understand why it is overlooked by so many travelers. It is one of the most delightfully quaint old places we visited, and is said to be the least changed of all European towns from the

conditions of mediæval times. The most fascinating piece of ancient beauty, where even on the rainiest days can be seen artists sketching and painting its perfect outlines, is the old gate of the Altes Rathaus, with its overhanging lantern and the quaintest vista that is to be seen on looking down toward the Plönlein. The journey from Rothenburg to Heidelberg, down the valley of the Neckar, was made picturesque by the pretty hamlets and grass-grown hillsides.

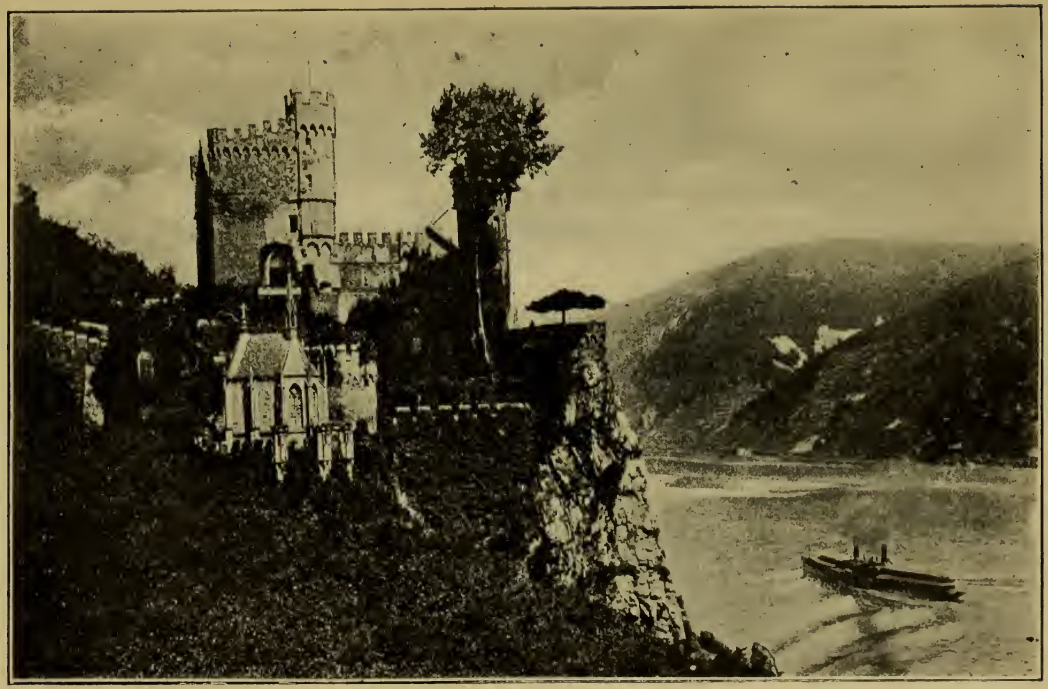
As our train wended its way through the valley toward Heidelberg, the rare beauty of its environments grew more and more impressive. The first view of the famed seat of learning, as well as of many a long-flourishing feud, leaves a recollection that time does not readily efface. Heidelberg Castle, from its point of vantage in the hills above the city, forms the first setting in the beautiful panorama spread out before us. The tops of the buildings rise nobly among the green trees. Heidelberg has well earned its title—the Alhambra of Germany. We



Ruins of Ehrenfels

visited the university, although our stay was short, and found much of interest in the buildings and grounds—likewise in the students, wearing as many of them did little silk skullcaps to hide wounds received in duels. Many wore scars on their faces that they could not hide, and it was apparent to the most casual observer that they had no desire to do so. In the cellar of Heidelberg Castle, now in ruins with the exception of the portions that have been restored, we look with wonder and admiration upon the great wine cask of which every tourist has heard, though possibly has not seen. Its capacity is more than a quarter of a million bottles of wine, and tradition asserts that in times long gone by there was a demand for its utmost capacity. It has not been used for the purpose for which it was originally intended since 1769. We saw the overthrown tower which lies to-day as it was left by the soldiers of the army of Louis XIV when he left Heidelberg a smouldering heap of ruins, more than two centuries ago.

Starting from Mainz, our boat just drifted down the Rhine, the first stop being at Bingen—the home of the Soldier of the Legion before he went to war in Algiers; his birthplace, in fact, as we were reminded when the poet of the party pathetically declaimed the Fifth Reader selection, "For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine." 'Twas a pretty place to be born, and in which to spend a lifetime. Bingen itself is devoid of particular interest, but across the river on a height is a monument erected by Germany to commemorate the victories won by the emperor's troops in the Franco-Prussian war, the result of which was to secure the foundation of the German Empire. The monument is heroic in size, and represents Germania holding a crown and sword, standing on a high pedestal of bronze. This is known as the national monument, and is pointed out by the Germans with ostensible pride. Here great crowds come every Sunday, bringing bands with them, and it seems they do not tire of sitting



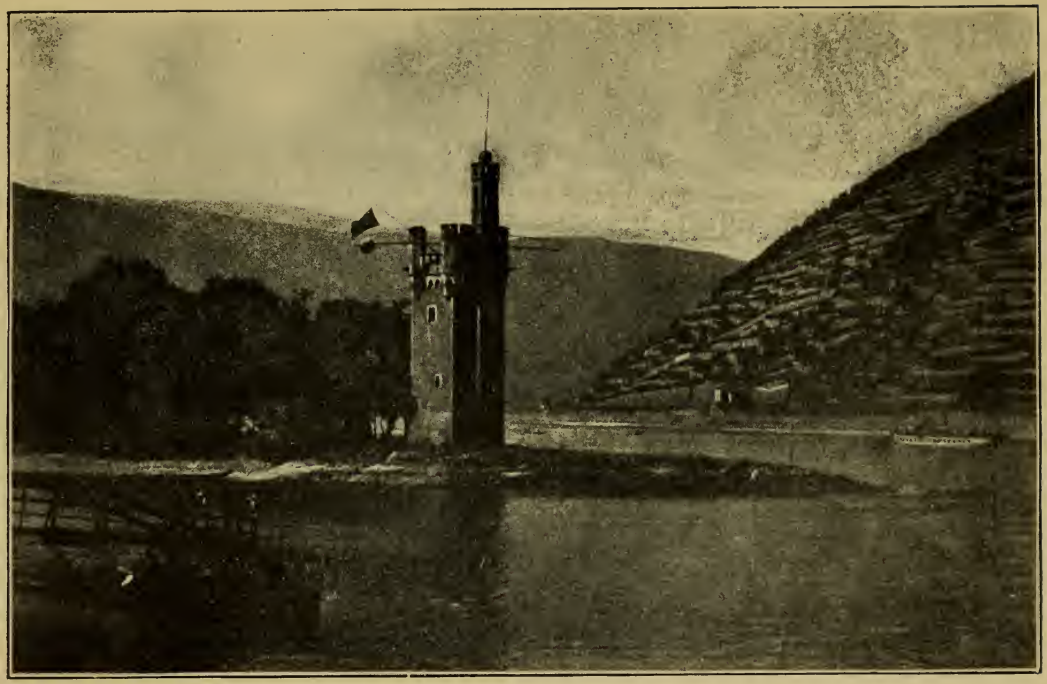
Rheinstein Castle

for hours and complacently viewing the monument, while the bands play "Die Wacht am Rhine" and many other patriotic pieces.

Taking a small boat maintained for the accommodation of sightseers, we visited the Rheinstein Castle, about three miles down the river from Bingen. This is now owned by Emperor William, who has restored it so far as possible, and had it furnished complete with the armor, paintings, decorations and furnishings that belonged to it in the days when the original owners inhabited it six hundred years ago. Just who these personages were cannot be ascertained, but they were the forbears of the present German nobility, and that is sufficient. Access to the castle is gained by a winding footpath that zigzags around through the prettiest scenery imaginable. Guides at the castle show visitors through the rooms, and our interest in their explanations was not lessened by the fact that our guides were a couple of good-looking German girls. When we reached the

highest "keep" or room at the top of the tower, a view was afforded which once enjoyed can scarcely be forgotten. Seated under the spreading yewtree that grows from one of the towers, Professor Trotter told us the legend of the Mouse Tower.

The castle was restored in 1856. Its story interested us, and doubtless will be welcome to the reader. Bishop Hatto, as the legend runs, grew to be very wealthy and powerful among the German peasants. His besetting weakness was an insatiable greed, and this grew so great that the peasants considered it anything but a weakness. Coming to the conclusion that his tenants were using too great a quantity of corn, he gathered a large number of them into an immense barn and ordered the barn set on fire. All were consumed in a short time. When the building was doomed, thousands of rats, huge, ferocious and emboldened by the spirits of the cruel bishop's victims, which had entered the bodies of the rodents, came from the burning walls and granaries, led by the boldest and



Mouse Tower, on the Rhine

strongest, and descended upon the bishop in the Mouse Tower a short distance away. When their onslaught was stayed his lifeless remains were found upon the floor, bitten and clawed to death. This seemed to us like a rat story, and we were not told how it came to be called the Mouse Tower.

Two hours' ride down the river brought us to the Lorelei, the huge rock that marks the spot immortalized by Heine and other poets. The Lorelei rock has been tunneled for a railroad whose trains run through it daily.

From the deck of the steamer we had distant glimpses of other ancient castles of more or less note, including the castles of The Brothers, Rolandseck, Ehrenfels, Saint Goar and Saint Goarhausen. The Rhine River in itself is anything but charming. It is muddy, turbulent, and seems to have taken upon itself the spirit that prompted the feuds and atrocities of the past, which it has been unable to shake off in its effort to keep up with the march of civilization.

At Cologne little time was spent, but we made the most of that at our disposal. The principal place of interest was the cathedral, begun in 1248 and not completed until 1880. Its history, as outlined to the class by Professor Trotter, was deeply interesting. Gazing on the great structure, the embodiment of art and architecture of ages, it was hard to realize the vicissitudes through which it had passed in the six hundred and thirty-two years of its growth—used at times for a stable, at others threatened with complete destruction.

The last stage of our journey was filled with thoughts of going home, and it was with light hearts that we set out for Antwerp, from whence we were to sail for America.

Scene on the Rhine

Chapter Eight

BELGIUM

At Antwerp — Then Off for Home

IKE the explorer of a new continent who pauses before leaving it to take a last look around him, over scenes he may never be permitted to visit again, we devoted our last hours to seeing Antwerp. Its narrow streets held little that was inviting so we made at once for the cathedral whose spires Napoleon likened to a "piece of rare old Mechlin lace." In the pinnacles are a hundred bells of various size and many tones, the largest weighing eight tons. In the interior we saw Rubens' two celebrated paintings, "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross."

Antwerp is a busy, bustling place, the

center of its industrial life being the wharves. The name of the town, by the way, in Flemish means "on the wharf." The Red Star liner *Zealand* which was to carry us to America and home, lay at the dock, and after sending our things aboard we spent the remaining daylight hours in walking up and down the long, wide promenade. Finally, as dusk grew deep we went aboard. The dock hands finished their labors, everybody who was not to sail went ashore, the gangplank was drawn in, the signal bells rang, orders came sharp and clear, and almost before we realized it, the *Zealand* was in motion. With scarcely a quiver or a thrill, leaving hardly a ripple on the quiet water astern, we glided across the harbor, looking back from the quarter-deck at the receding lights on shore, the magic spell that was upon us unbroken by a word. Across the water came the sound of the cathedral chimes; their soft, harmonious tones seemed the sweetest music we had ever heard, bidding us good-night and good-bye, a tender, kindly

Scenes along the Rhine

benediction. We were happy—the world seemed so good to us. We had enjoyed months of pleasure, and felt that great benefits had been derived. But now everything else was forgotten, our thoughts were ahead, for we were bound for—HOME.

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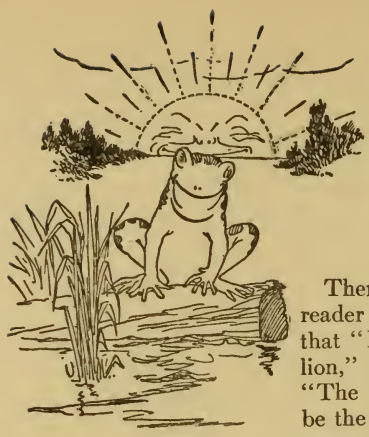

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